

Curious Cursive. by theweakestthing

Series: [stonathan week 2017 \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Don't copy to another site, M/M, day 4 cheesy but delicious, sonathanweek2017

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-21

Updated: 2017-12-21

Packaged: 2022-04-03 14:55:21

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,736

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

I hate this song.

It wasn't the worst phrase that could have appeared upon his skin, at least it wasn't a string of profanity or something gross, it didn't matter what his soul mate said he just didn't want something too strange. He was thankful that it was something that would make sense given some kind of context, even without it Steve could easily picture a number of situations where someone would say that before saying anything else. It was the ones where you couldn't imagine someone saying it that were the worst, if someone else happened to see it you'd never hear the end of it. 'I hate this song' was a little funny but it wasn't something that he'd get teased over, he hoped that he could spare his soul mate from any teasing too, but he wasn't exactly in control of it.

Curious Cursive.

I hate this song.

It wasn't the worst phrase that could have appeared upon his skin, at least it wasn't a string of profanity or something gross, it didn't matter what his soul mate said he just didn't want something too strange. He was thankful that it was something that would make sense given some kind of context, even without it Steve could easily picture a number of situations where someone would say that before saying anything else. It was the ones where you couldn't imagine someone saying it that were the worst, if someone else happened to see it you'd never hear the end of it. 'I hate this song' was a little funny but it wasn't something that he'd get teased over, he hoped that he could spare his soul mate from any teasing too, but he wasn't exactly in control of it.

The words were written just under his collarbone, people hardly got a look at which Steve liked, it was a private thing between him and his soul mate. He hated the thought of having people stare at the words constantly, he often wondered if there had ever been someone whose words were written over their face, Steve had only heard of someone with them written up the side of their neck.

Steve was waiting in the diner, he was supposed to have a study lunch with Nancy, the honours student was tutoring him even though they were a year apart. It didn't embarrass him having a girl younger than him as a tutor, even if it didn't actually seem to help as much as his parents would like.

He stood by the jukebox and ran his eyes over the track list, they had some fairly recent tunes and Steve figured that he could put on a song while he waited. He slid a few coins into the slot, heard the satisfying clunk as the coins dropped into the machine and the display lit up. Steve debilitated for a moment before deciding on Maniac by Michael Sembello.

Nancy entered the diner in a flurry with a boy that Steve recognised in tow, he'd never spoken to Jonathan Byers but he'd sure as hell heard a whole lot about him. The boy was painfully awkward, Steve

didn't know whether it was because the other had been so badly bullied or because of some of the rumours he'd heard, but he knew it didn't help. Jonathan stood just slightly behind Nancy, hands deep in the pockets of his denim jacket, head tilted down, his fringe fell into his face and his shoulders were hunched up, the younger boy was a textbook illustration for the word uncomfortable.

He knew that Jonathan and Nancy were friends, Nancy would often spend lunch break or time after school in the dark room with the other, Steve spent most of that time in basketball practice. He found it kind of strange how they'd never actually spoken to each other with Nancy between them, she seemed to be the kind that brought people together. She'd introduced him to Barb, someone he'd never thought he'd get along with, and they eventually bonded over their joint affection for beer and romantic movies.

"Hey Steve, sorry I'm late," Nancy said, face a little flushed from the way she'd rushed in, "it took a while to convince Jonathan to come along," she said, gesturing to the boy beside her.

Steve was about to say that it wasn't a big deal, she was only ten minutes late anyways, besides Nancy had done a lot for him so Steve could find it within himself to wait a few minutes for her. He didn't get to say any of those things though, before he could open his mouth Jonathan spoke up.

"I hate this song," Jonathan groaned, he eyed the jukebox with disdain.

Steve's heart jumped up into his throat, he could feel the words burning against his skin as Jonathan's voice echoed in his mind.

"That's not exactly what I was expecting," Steve said reflexively and then winced, he couldn't imagine living with those words written upon him, he frowned as he moved away from the jukebox. Guilt moved slick through him, but Jonathan couldn't see his apologetic look since the other was again staring at the floor.

Jonathan was stricken, he'd gone rigid where he stood, blinking rapidly at the ground. Nancy, oblivious to what was going on giggled, well it was more of a snort really.

"Jonathan's what we'd call a music snob," Nancy said, she moved further into the diner and sat opposite the seat where Steve's jacket was lazily thrown over the back of a chair.

"Ya don't say," Steve said, he'd had a ton of practice covering up his emotions and learning to get over things quickly from living with two people that barely knew he existed. He walked over to the table and sat opposite Nancy, pulled up a menu even though he already knew what he wanted. "You not gonna sit down Byers?" Steve said noticing how Jonathan was still stood by the jukebox, he tried to sound casual, as though the world wasn't turned up on its head and inside-out.

Jonathan didn't say a word, just simply walked over and sat down, he pulled a chair to the corner of the table and sat as far away from the other two as possible. They ordered without much incident besides Jonathan having to repeat himself because he mumbled a whole lot the first time, they spread out their studying materials in almost dead silence before their drinks came over. Steve was flicking through his textbook to get to the right place while Nancy grilled him about some history stuff they'd studied a couple of days ago. Nancy drained her coke before their food even came and left the him and Jonathan as she went off to the restroom.

"So..." Steve began, he tapped his fingertips against the tabletop.

"I don't want to talk about it," Jonathan grumbled, he didn't take his eyes off of the textbook before him.

"It isn't exactly like it's avoidable Byers," Steve replied, he curled his hand around the glass of cola before him and felt it sweat against his skin, it was a strange juxtaposition since Steve felt as though he were sweating himself.

"We don't have to listen to stupid words written on our skin, people get with people that aren't their soul mates all the time," Jonathan muttered, he looked up from his textbook but didn't look directly at Steve, he just stared at the way the other's hands were placed on the table.

"So you don't even want to try?" Steve asked, brow arched at the

other even though he knew Jonathan wasn't looking.

"What do you think would happen? We have nothing in common," Jonathan said sharply, tone scathing as though everything was already set in stone.

"How can you say that when you don't even know me?" Steve asked, there was laughter in his voice but he tried not to let it sound too bitter.

"So you're talking," Nancy said, smile spread softly across her face, announcing her return.

The boys both snapped their heads up to her, that might have seemed too obvious a hint that their conversation had taken an awkward turn.

"Yeah, Jonny boy here seems to think we have nothing in common," Steve said, he threw a smile in Jonathan's direction, the other just stared blankly back at him.

"You have me in common," Nancy said amicably as she sat back down.

"That's not a whole lot," Jonathan muttered, he ran his fingers through his mussed hair.

"Well you're both irritating but you're nice enough to make up for it later," Nancy said shrugging, poking fun at the pair of them. "Let's crack on boys," she said as she curled her fingers around her textbook and leaned forward into the table.

"Jonathan's ahead of you there, he's been reading his textbook just to avoid talking to me," Steve said, he leaned forward and sipped at his cola.

"You're insufferable," Jonathan groaned, he had his elbows on the table and his head in his hand and glared at Steve through his fringe and from under his lashes.

"You've known me all of twenty minutes," Steve returned with a wide smile, the one he put on when he wanted to be extra charming.

Their waffles came, effectively stopping the conversation, Steve noticed how Jonathan had brought the cheapest item on the menu. He didn't say anything about it though, he knew Jonathan's family wasn't exactly anything close to well off. They were worlds apart, Jonathan's family was poor where Steve's was rich, Jonathan was one of the most unpopular people in their school where Steve was still pretty popular despite the blow out between him and Tommy 'King of Assholes' last year, Jonathan was quite obviously the introverted type where Steve was outgoing and attention seeking. Despite all that though, Steve thought that it was worth giving it a go, he'd always thought that there wasn't anything not worth trying.

Jonathan and him might not have had a ton in common, but they were soul mates, it had to mean something. Steve wanted to think so.

They studied and ate for an hour or so, he and Jonathan shot Nancy questions every now and then, they didn't speak much to each other but he and Nancy tried to include Jonathan in their conversations. It went like that until Jonathan rose to go off to the restroom. Steve spied the corner of something poking out of the edge of Jonathan's notebook, his pen had stopped long ago and his eyes had always been the wandering kind. He flipped open the notebook and found a photograph sitting between the pages. It was a warm shot of what Steve supposed was Jonathan's mother and younger brother, Steve imagined that it was something Jonathan carried around with him and kept it between the pages of the notebook to keep it straight.

Steve closed the notebook and left the photograph untouched. He'd get through to Jonathan eventually, he was the type that wore people down with his endless enthusiasm and charm. Steve smiled wide and bright at Jonathan as the other approached the table again.

"Want a refill on your cola Jonny?" Steve asked, his smile grew at the way Jonathan groaned.